

THE COMRADE

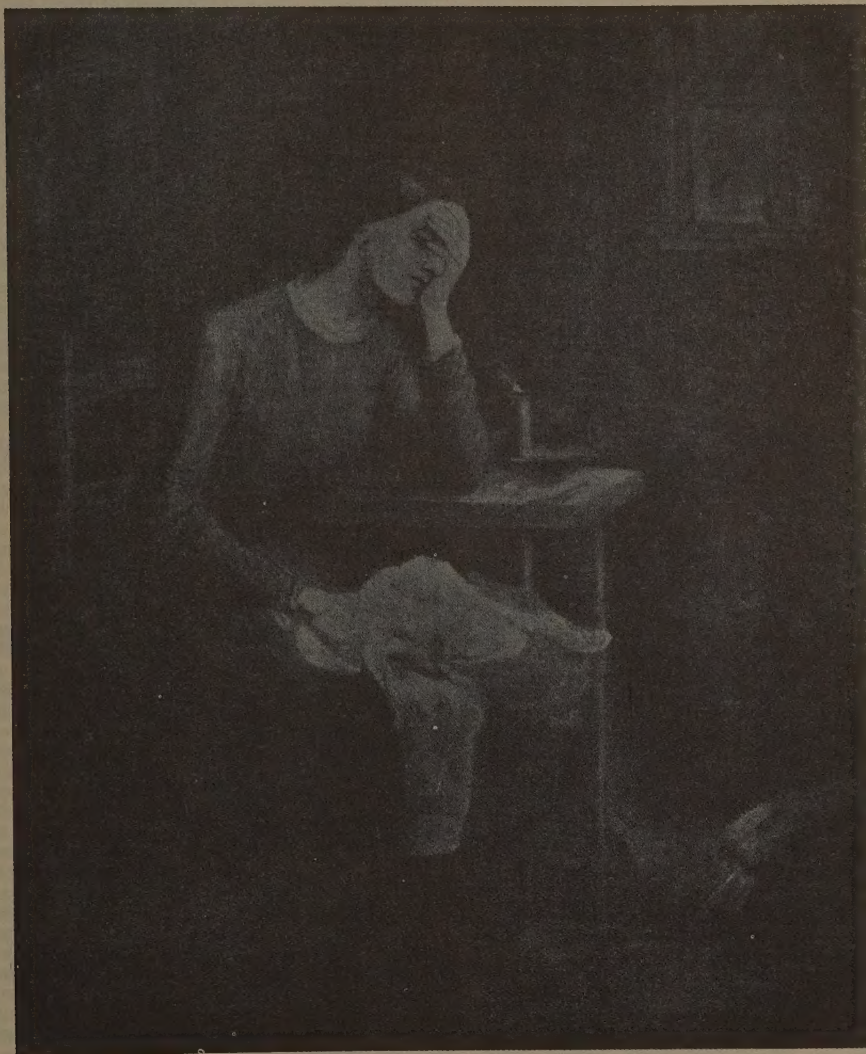


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THESEAMSTRESS.
BY G. F. WATTS R. A.

How I Became a Socialist.

No. XIII.

By William Thurston Brown.



HESITATE a little to attempt the task which THE COMRADE has set for me—for several reasons. I cannot understand why it should be any more important to know how I became a Socialist than to know how any other comrade in the movement became identified with it. I imagine, indeed, that in anything worthy to be called a co-opera-

tive commonwealth there will be no use for the profession which has consumed some of the best years of my life. For teachers there will always be a demand in any desirable social order. For men and women who can produce something useful or beautiful there will be need. But I cannot conceive a place in any sane social system for a profession whose dogmas and doctrines call for abandonment of reason and the suppression of science. The clerical profession lives to-day only because ignorance and superstition remain.

I can understand why this question is propounded to me only on the ground that the evolution of a clergyman into a Socialist is so rare and so inherently improbable that some extraordinary reason must be forthcoming in order to make the fact credible.

Besides, there is the difficulty of the term itself. What is a Socialist? Are there any who can justly claim that title? Or must we not wait until the better environment of industrial democracy shall produce them? A Socialist ought to be something more than a new sort of sectarian—the loud-mouthed advocate of a new creed, the latest orthodoxy, even though it relate to the realm of science. I may be wrong—probably I am—but the term "Socialist" ought, in my judgment, to mark a man as something better than a new brand of Pharisee, professing a faith to which the whole tenor of his life gives the lie. No, I am inclined to think the number of Socialists is not correctly indicated by election returns or count of votes, important as those things certainly seem to me to be. I doubt very much if the world's best types of Socialists even go by that name. They are probably given a name more symbolic of popular hatred.

Let us accept the idea that the world waits for its real Socialists—or most of them—and let me confine myself to the easier task of telling how one man came to adopt the Socialist philosophy, as he understands it.

Strange as it may seem, it was what I have always called "religion," though I may have misnamed it, that moved me in the direction of what I understand to be the Socialist interpretation of history and life. I was born and bred in a religious atmosphere, if that is the proper term. My father was a clergyman—is still. And while I could not and cannot think as he

does on some subjects, his conception of religion was a morally consistent one, and his exemplification of it was inspiring. His own life illustrated, in a large measure, the moral precepts of the gospel he preached. I cannot remember a dishonest or dishonorable act in his life.

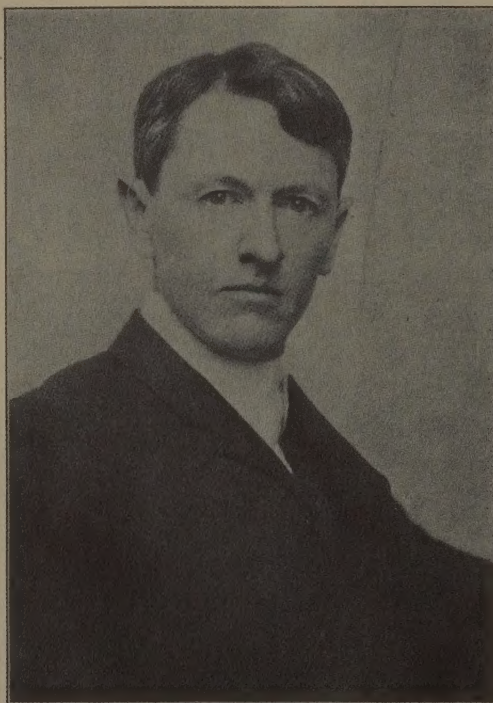
I did not get my impression of religion from a church or a book or a creed or a catechism, but from a life—the life of my father; later on, from the life-story of Jesus; and, later still, from the life of another man who exhibited precisely the same moral qualities as we attribute to Jesus.

It was the quality of transparent moral integrity, the passion for justice, the exhibition of loving sympathy toward all sorts and conditions of people, and the deep moral seriousness that most impressed me in my father—and those qualities I uncon-

sciously transferred to the being I was taught to call God. Assuming for God a justness and a sympathy at least equal to what I saw in my father, I became at an early age a real, though unconscious, skeptic. For I could not accept the portraiture of a Supreme Being contained in any Bible or creed, or preaching based thereon. I rebelled against any and every contradiction of justice and love. It is easy to see what the logic of such rebellion would be.

I did not select the profession of preacher because it was my father's, nor because of any theological belief. In fact, I am not conscious of ever selecting it as a profession at all. At the transition point of my life I came under the influence of a man who unconsciously inspired me with the feeling that there is something worth living for in this world. I have met a great many people whose characters never suggested such an idea. This man was a minister—not at all successful from an ecclesiastical point of view, because he had the uneclesiastical habit of doing his own thinking. But he was chiefly a teacher—principal of a school which afforded opportunity for education to hundreds of poor boys and girls who otherwise would have gone without it. This man was the only endowment the school had, and though several hundred thousand dollars have been given to it since his death, nothing has yet supplied the place left vacant by that man who gave himself.

It was after the example and character of this man had taken possession of me that I was ready to enter the ministry. It was only then that I had any motive strong enough. And I chose the ministry, rather than teaching or law, partly, I suppose, because of temperament; partly because I had somehow acquired the impression that the church, formally acknowledging Jesus of Nazareth as its founder and head, existed solely for the purpose of continuing and enlarging the work he had undertaken to do. I must have believed, too, that this vast



WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN.

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organized body, which we call the Christian Church, could accomplish the ends of justice and fraternity if it wanted to.

Moreover, I became enamored of the character of Jesus when I discovered him as a man who subordinated all else to the supreme passion by declaring, by word and deed, the fact and truth of human brotherhood. As I read the brief story of his life it was not a wonder-worker that I saw, not a haloed figure, not an exile nor an irruption from some unseen world, but simply a man of ideals, of splendid courage, of tremendous moral seriousness and earnestness, a man who really disclosed what lies dormant in every man—what has appeared in many others with equal consistency.

Entering the church with such ideals, I found myself in an atmosphere which grew more stifling the longer I remained in it. I have not found a half-dozen ministers in all my experience who entertained any such thought either of Jesus or of the purpose of the church. I have yet to find one man of any sort who ever gained any such conception from any creed or official pronouncement of the church.

I had no light to throw on the problems of a future life, any more than my fellow priests or preachers had—no news to impart about the glories of the unseen world. I did not conceive that to be my mission. Indeed, I found the teachings of Jesus and the Hebrew prophets to be concerned solely with the now and here. I saw around me glaring injustice. The cry of ignorant and exploited labor was in my ears. Warfare was the law of life in the whole of the social order. To talk of brotherhood between robber and robbed, between exploiter and exploited, or to preach of a divine fatherhood that makes all humanity one family, while acquiescing stupidly and stolidly in the competitive system, seemed to me a species of hypocrisy which would have made those old scribes and Pharisees of Jesus' time turn green with envy. I could not do it. The gospel I believed in—the only gospel I knew, and the only one I could find within the lids of the Bible any suggestion of—meant actual brotherhood here and now. But I saw that nothing the church was doing had the smallest effect, or was designed to have, on the social and industrial relationships of men and women. The religion of the church had no scruple whatever against any sort of mastership or any sort of slavery that was profitable.

For a time I thought the fault lay in the individuals composing the church. What was needed was a conversion of the church to Christianity. It was Ruskin, an avowed agnostic, who declared that no one "could sit at his table, unless he sat blindfold" in the midst of the misery created by our commercial cannibalism. But I have yet to find one man or woman, in good standing as a member of the Christian Church, who gives any evidence of possessing even the conscience of this agnostic. It is left for the awful Anarchists and the dangerous Socialists to show any marked disturbance over the world's social misery. So, a considerable part of my preaching was devoted to the attempt to acquaint the church with the character of the man it professed to revere. But, so far as practical results are concerned, it was a waste of time and strength.

Finally, contemplation of the problem of social justice led to a new reading of history, a new look at life. And the conviction steadily took shape in my mind that my whole philosophy as to the paramount influence of the individual in determining human institutions and social conditions, was wrong. Reading, experience and reflection forced me to the philosophy of economic determinism, and I could not name a document of equal length which seems to me to contain so much truth as the "Communist Manifesto" of Marx and Engels.

Of course, the acceptance of the idea of an animal origin of the human race and the main conclusions of materialistic evolution involved a complete reconstruction of my thought world. I thus saw history to be an upward struggle out of animalism toward a goal which no man is capable of naming.

I have never read "Capital," and I am not sure that I ever shall. The whole current unfolding of the world is such an

object lesson of Socialist philosophy, that it has become the most illuminating and convincing source of instruction to me. I am glad to acknowledge my indebtedness to many of the Socialist writers of our own time and, perhaps even more, to the true-hearted, clear-headed comrades of Rochester, N. Y., whose exposition of Socialism and the labor movement in the Labor Lyceum debates were always convincing and instructive.

In conclusion, two or three facts, in this process of change in my philosophy of things, seem to me worth noting. First, there was never any divorce between religion and ethics in my thought. The two were blended into one. I could not separate them. There was no *absolute* in my conception of the universe apart from ethical considerations. If I was ever to postulate or conceive a Supreme Being, that being must embody transcendent moral qualities. It cannot be said that in leaving the church I became an atheist, for the reason that from the very first it was ethically and intellectually impossible for me to have any God, unless he were at least as good as the best man or woman I knew. I am waiting for human society, organized under the impulse of love and for the ends of highest individual unfolding and personal freedom, to furnish me with a deity whom I can worship. Meanwhile, I shall have to worry along with the help of such friendship and fellowship and love as life affords.

Secondly, the change of intellectual base was not sudden, but gradual, the result of no transient impulse or desultory reading, but rather of actual experience and observance and struggle.

I began as a moral idealist. I am as much one as ever, but I do not look for social regeneration from the mere force of ideals. I at one time based all my hope of social progress upon altruism. I am satisfied that any such hope is utterly vain. No attempt on the part of benevolently disposed employers to improve the condition of their employes or solve the industrial problem can be any substitute for industrial co-operation. The most any such attempt can do is to create intolerable egoists on the one side and equally intolerable and disgusting lackeys on the other. The virtues of feudalism contain no fascination for me and can have no rational place in our modern world.

Ideals are the soul of society, the inspiration of life. But only such intellectual perverts as "Mother" Eddy make the mistake of ignoring its material bases. A considerable number of people can be maintained in comparative luxury for years to come, I have no doubt, upon the superstition and ignorance of the people—witness the persistence of churches, faith healers, mental healers, Christian Scientists, Elbert Hubbards, and so on. On the other hand, one may well doubt whether the great working class is yet competent to produce a permanent social order. The sordidness of its factional strifes, the almost fiendish brutality of some of its internal struggles, and the absurd superstitions of which it is such an easy prey are enough to make one doubt whether our social hopes are to find fulfilment in the impending industrial revolution.

And yet, the working class seems to me the only hope of better things morally, politically or individually. The emancipation of the working class means the end of individual exploitation of every sort. It is a class struggle and must be a class triumph. There can be no such thing as one man's gain at the expense of another man's loss, in this struggle. The working class rise together or fall together. And with their rise or fall all the best interests of mankind rise or fall.

Fellowship and freedom—these are the two things which make life worth living; self-expression through labor in fellowship and freedom. It was only literal truth that John Ball spoke when he said: "Fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death; fellowship is heaven and lack of fellowship is hell." The working class stands for fellowship, whether it knows it or not, fellowship of the most fundamental sort—the comradeship of toil. And as soon as it sloughs off the superstitions which priestcraft has fostered and which fakirs of many kinds cultivate, it will also stand for freedom,

The Socialism of Sidney Lanier

By Frank Stuhlman.



SOCIALISM is a union of the Spirit of Beauty and the Spirit of Justice; and we find these elements in all that Lanier wrote. True, he did not style himself a Socialist. Many a man has sown the seed that came to fruition in the Socialist movement with never a thought of that name. Wycliff and John Ball scattered the grain with lavish hand, yet they knew not the word. The men of the French Revolution, enunciating the noble doctrine of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, used other terms. But the same life-giving soul was in these and all other movements for human progress. It is a sorry fact that we know neither our friends nor our enemies unless they are labeled. Prof. Huxley invented the word agnostic as he could find no ready-made term under which he could be classified. He said, "A man without a label is like a dog without a collar, considered dangerous."

Reformers, generally, do not list Hardy and Meredith among the champions who go down to battle against the powers that be. Yet Hardy's "Tess" and "Jude the Obscure" are among the most powerful indictments of the present state of society. Meredith's works are a sneering sarcasm of the social sham; and his "Tragic Comedians" is a sympathetic study of the meteoric and brilliant career of that storm bird of Socialism, Ferdinand Lassalle.

So it may surprise many to see Lanier numbered among the prophets of the new social order. No one has so labeled him. The *Atlantic* and other magazines of the Brahmin caste print from time to time articles considering Lanier as an artist, as an exponent of beauty, as a master of prosody; but who tells of Lanier, the Poet of the Social Spirit?

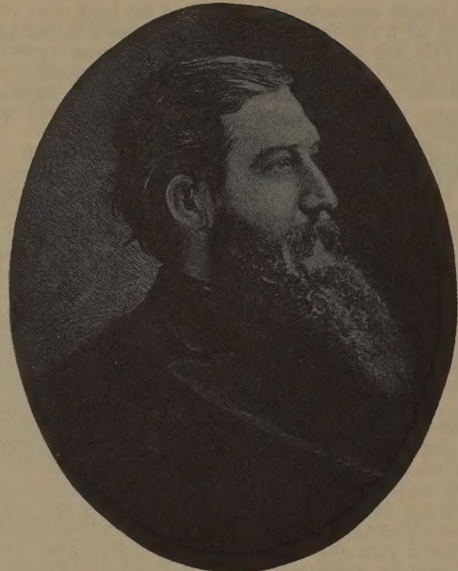
It is time he should have his place in the galaxy of world-seers. He did not consecrate his life to agitation; but, circumstances considered, few men have given more richly to the literature of protest. Dwelling in the south afar from commercial strife; the civil war convulsing the nation; his native State devastated and the problems of reconstruction placing all else in the background. However, at the time of his death the edge of the ominous cloud of industrial tyranny was looming in the far horizon. Lanier's poet's intuition beheld the coming gloom. He apprehends the drift of the times and cries:

"A pilot, God, a pilot! for the helm is left awry,
And the best sailors in the ship lie there among the dead!"

No sweeter voice did ever plead for the right to live and the right to things beautiful than this great soul. It was a brave fight against fell disease, ever growing weaker, and against the grim wolf of poverty, ever growling at his door. O, the pity of it! This strong heart yearning to utter itself in a great epic of the people, driven to hack work, writing advertisements for railroads—anything to keep his loved ones from want. In spite of the fact that necessity compelled him to write for conventional periodicals, many of his verses are filled with radicalism.

Of the Southern caste, a soldier in its army, still in his heart he was a Social Democrat. His ideal of a true democrat is the Socialistic ideal—the superiority of soul over brute force.

"My democrat, the democrat who is to read or write the poetry of the future, may have a mere thread for his biceps, yet he shall be strong enough to handle hell; he shall play ball with the earth; and, though his stature be no more than a boy's, he shall be taller than the great redwoods of California. His height shall be the heights of great resolution and love and faith and beauty and knowledge, his head shall be forever among the stars."



SIDNEY LANIER.

The worker forced from the beauty of earth to labor in ugliness in the "terrible towns" cast a shadow over him:

"Old Want is agog and awake, every wrinkle a-frown,
The worker must pass to his work in the terrible towns."
The cities oppress him with their misery:
"And the hell-colored smoke of the factories
And the reek of the times fen-politics."

He sees the people reft of their heritage—the land, and calls the storm-cloud with its arsenal of forked lightnings:

"Why not plunge thy blades about
Some maggot politician throng,
Swarming to parcel out
The body of a land, and rout
The maw conventicle, and ungorge Wrong."

What man but one with the Socialistic spirit quick within him could have written these lines:

"Kinsman, learn this;
The artist's market is the heart of man,
The artist's price *some little good of man*.
Tease not thy vision with vain search for ends,
The end of means is art that works by love
The End of Ends—in God's Beginnings lost."

Like Walt Whitman he recognized the comradeship of Jesus. The "Great Comrade," says the "good, gray poet," and Lanier, with more melody, chants:

"But Thee, but Thee, O, sovereign Seer of Time,
But Thee, O, poet's Poet, Wisdom's Tongue,
But Thee, O, man's best Man, O, love's best Love,
O, perfect life in perfect labor writ,
O, all men's Comrade, Servant, King and Priest."

How marvelous the tribute to the great Socialist of all time in the poem of the "Crystal Christ!"

While his poetic fervor could reach the clouds of ecstasy his vision had range enough to note the wrongs of the humblest

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worker. The farmer in the grasp of the usurer gains the poet's sympathy. The producer with ruined crops is forced—

"With a mournful, anxious face,
Into the banker's inner place.

* * * * *

And kissed the dust to soften Dives' mood,
At last small loans by pledges great renewed,
He issues smiling from the fatal door."

And then ensues the end of a long-drawn, commonplace tragedy:

"And thus from year to year, through hope and fear,
With many a curse and many a secret tear,
Striving in vain his cloud of debt to clear

At last

He awoke to find all his best-of-life the easy prey
Of squandering scamps that lined his way
With vile array,
From rascal statesman down to petty knave,
Himself, at best, for all his bragging brave,
A gamester's captive and a banker's slave."

As a heart-cry against the rule of commercialism the burning poem, "A Symphony," has no superior in the literature of Socialism. The poet's soul sickens at the world's lust for gold.

"O, Trade, O, Trade, would that thou wert dead!"

"Level gold to sky" and
"Base it deep as devil's grope."

"When all is done, what hast thou won
Of the only sweet that is under the sun?"

Then, as now, the air was alive with the brazen brag of plutocracy telling of the increase in great fortunes—in mills and banks, in railroads and factories. The subsidized press and pulpit shouted of our wonderful prosperity. And beneath the feet of commercialism, in the wine-press of competition, bodies were crushed to death and souls to perdition.

Sir Philip Sidney said that the old ballad of Chevy Chase "stirred his blood like a trumpet-call." The person must be dead to justice whose pulse is not quickened by these ringing denunciations of that prosperity which is founded upon the thralldom of many.

"Yea," he cries in passionate protest,
"What avail the endless tale
Of gain by cunning and plus by sale?
Look up the land, look down the land,
The poor, the poor, they stand,
Wedge by the pressing of Trade's hand
Against an inward-opening door
That pressure tightens evermore;
They sigh a monstrous foul-air sigh
For outside leagues of liberty.
Each day, all day (these poor folk say)
In the same old year-long, drear-long way,
We weave in the mills and heave in the kilns,
We sieve mine meshes under the hills,
And thieve much gold from the Devil's bank tills,
To relieve, O, God! what manner of ills?
The beasts they hunger and eat and die;
And so de we, and the world's a sty;
Hush, fellow swine; why nuzzle and cry?
Swinehood hath no remedy,
Say many men, and hasten by;
But who said once in lordly tone:
Man shall not live by bread alone
But all that cometh from the throne?

Hath God said so?

But Trade saith No:

And the kilns and the curt-tongued mills say, Go,
There's plenty that can, if you can't, we know,
Move out, if you think you are underpaid.
The poor are prolific; we're not afraid—
Trade is Trade."

Strong lines these last, tearing the mask from the brutal capitalist position hiding behind the specious cant of the "right to work" that we have heard so much of during the miners' uprising for the right to live a decent life.

"Does business mean," he asks, "Die, you; live I?" Then he says, with bitter scorn:

"Tis only war grown miserly,
If business is battle, name it so;
War-crimes less will shame it so,
And widows less will blame it so."

His great heart goes out, mourning for the degradation of women under the system that knows no right but the will of the stronger. He has sorrow for the Magdalens who sell their bodies without marriage and sorrow for the women who sell their bodies in marriage:

"For, O, my God! and, O, my God!
What shameful ways have women trod
At the beckoning of Trade's golden rod!
Alas, when sighs are traders' lies,
And heart's-ease eyes and violet eyes
Are merchandise!

O, purchased lips that kiss with pain!
O, cheeks coin-spotted with smirch and stain!
O, trafficked hearts that break in twain!

* * * * *

Woe him that cunning trades in hearts contrives,
Base love good women to base loving drives."

The double standard of morals has his contempt;

"Shall woman scorch for a single sin
That her betrayer may revel in,
And she be burnt, and he but grin
When the flames begin."

Clear-eyed he saw through the hypocrisy of the times. The problems of the day needed by love and justive to solve them.

"Plainly the heart of a child could solve it."

"Yea," he wrote—

"If the Christ (*called thine*) now paced yon street
Thy halfness not with his rebuke would swell;
Legions of scribes would rise and run and beat
His fair intolerable wholeness twice to Hell!"

And who doubts it?

A soldier—yet he hated war. "Thou felon War," he termed it. While he had fought in the Confederate army and served in the perilous blockade running he never wrote a line glorifying the Southern cause; but in the "Psalm of the West" is given a stirring battle lyric upon the Battle of Lexington. That battle was for the rights of man; and Lanier knew that strife for any other cause was not worthy a poet's singing.

Lanier's treasured purpose of writing a great dramatic epic of the people was destined to be unfulfilled. For thirteen years the idea lay close to his heart. But, in order that he would not be obliged to accept charity, he was forced to do work which could be turned into money. The fragment of this purposed work before us indicates a poem of great power and rare beauty. In "The Jacquerie" the poet intended to present his views upon the social question. From the portion we have it is clearly seen the dominant note would have been communism. It may be compared with Morris' prose poem, "A Dream of John Ball," but is more intense and more dramatic in construction. It opens with a series of forcible similitudes presenting the revenge of the downtrodden. One is quoted for illustration:

"Once good hounds, that would have died to give lords sport,
Were so betrayed and kicked by these same lords,
That all the pack turned tooth o' the knights and bit
As knights had been no better things than boars,
And took revenge bloody as a man's."

In vivid phrase a picture of old France is before us, with the people crushed under the heel of a cruel aristocracy. Aristocracy is always cruel, whether it be that of the ancient regime or the modern one of coal barons and captains of industry. Across

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the pages move peasants, haughty nobles, licensed fools whose biting truths would have cost a common man his life, and brutal retainers—all glowing with life.

But it is not the purpose of this article to dwell upon the story, but to elucidate Lanier's revolt against things as they are. It appears first in the prologue where is manifested his sympathy with the Great Revolution. But his attitude is chiefly expressed through the words of John de Rochetaillade, a friar—a French John Ball—loved of the masses and free from the vices of the church. He comes to the market place of Clermont to address the people. This priest

"That is not fat, and loves not wine and fasts,
And stills the folk with waving of his hand,
And threatens the knights and thunders at the Pope."

He speaks in words of fire, stirring the smoldering spark of revolt which was soon to blaze over all Europe. He tells of the people's wrongs and dire state, and cries:

"Who's here that can stand in front and lead the people on?
Where is the Church?

The world is wild for one to lead her souls;
The Church is huge, and fat, and laggest back
Amongst the remnants of forsaken camps."

So, to-day, when the reformers move forward against privileged greed and entrenched wrong, the church lags back "amongst the remnants of forsaken camps." It is "too fat" with

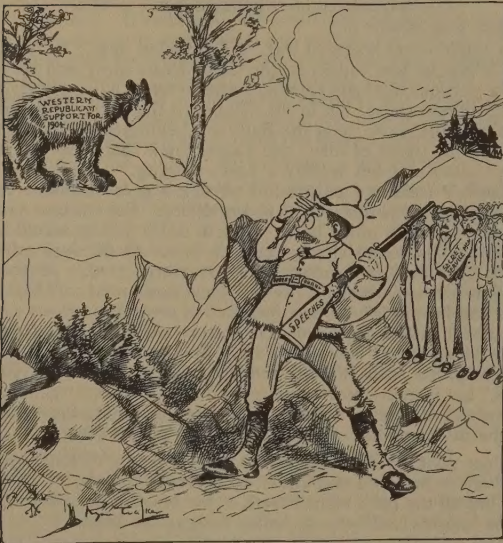
the bribes from the hands of plutocracy, who shares its plunder wrung from the lives of children, the misery of women and the oppression of men, with the church.

The friar prophesies the passing of kings and the coming reign of the people. When misrule is abolished and wrong overthrown then dawns the world's brotherhood. Even the Socialist poet-laureate, William Morris, never painted a finer vision of the new world than these lines contain:

"'Tis true when these things have come to pass,
Then never a king shall rule again in France;
For every villain shall be a king in France,
And he hath lordship in him whether born
In hedge or silken bed, shall be a lord;
And queens shall be as thick in the land as wives,
And all the maids shall maids of honor be;
And high and low shall commune solemnly."

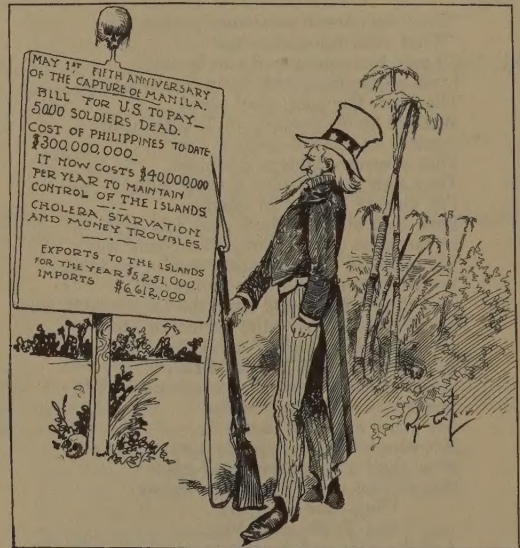
It is a world's loss that this masterpiece was unfinished. The seeds of disease, sown in a fragile constitution by prison life and fare, flourished all too rapidly, and the Death Angel touched the throbbing heart of the poet. The hand that guided the eloquent pen grew cold and the brave spirit passed out in the Unknown, with its magnificent conception unfinished and his cherished life-work incomplete. But by the work Lanier has done he belongs to the immortals whose names are written in the Golden Book of those "Who loved their fellow men!"

TEDDY GOES A'SHOOTIN'



The Bear: "Heavens! I'm the Game he's after this trip."

AN ANNIVERSARY RECONING.



Uncle Sam: "I never was good at reck'nin'."

A Point of View

By George D. Herron.



HERE are many and deep reasons for thoroughly indicting and dismissing from service the sys-

tem of private industrial control. One reason is this: that the system can stand only through the debauchery of the citizenry. It cannot stand on a basis of intelligence and virtue. It is just as necessary that the present commercial order have on hand a debauched citizenry as it was necessary, in the Dark Ages, for the church to have an ignorant citizenry. Force and bribery of every sort, public and individual immorality, are the defences and foundations of our industrial system. And a system which can stand only by the debauchery and ignorance of the people, is, in the nature of the case, past mending; it can only give place to a new and better system.

II.

To be more specific, the system depends upon purchasable law-making bodies, which likewise depend upon controlling a large purchasable vote. Capitalists could not exist without having, in every city, a bought and sold vote to elect its agents—the bosses, the aldermen, the congressmen, the United States senators. The people are led as sheep to the economic slaughter by the politicians, who are the law-makers, not of the people, but of private corporations. It is a sad thing to say, but it is true, that you have only to go to any State capital, and breathe its atmosphere, to find yourself in the midst of all that is individually and politically vile; in the midst of all that makes up ruffianism and the completest ignorance, so far as political knowledge or ideals go. The atmosphere of our legislative bodies is the foulest in American life. It is not mere denunciation, but the appalling fact, that our laws are made by the most lawless class of our citizenship. The chief law-breakers of the nation are its law-makers. So palpably true is this, that our administrations of government have



THE FIRST OF MAY.

By Walter Crane.

grown to be farcical. In reality the people of America are to-day without a government

III.

But, you ask, are the people trustworthy? Can we trust them to safely manage industrial resources for the common good? Let me ask, in turn, are their masters trustworthy? Is the capitalist managing industrial resources for the common good? In all history, have there ever been any masters who could be trusted with the well-being of the people? Not ready for economic liberty? We will never be made ready for liberty save by experience in liberty. There is only one way to train men for freedom, and that is to give them freedom.

IV.

Our industrial civilization threatens every child, from the dawn of self-consciousness, with economic destruction. Economic conditions compel every man to fight, his life through, a pitched battle for physical existence. Put thus on the defensive, a man can in no wise know what is in him; he cannot do, or even aspire to do, his best work; he cannot freely choose and rejoice in the labor of his own hands. The system curses the soul, whether one triumphs or fails; to the successful comes loss of conscience; to him who fails, loss of individuality. When thought and strength are consumed in economic self-defence, there is no opportunity for positive living; for a life that is self-expressive. And a still greater spiritual evil is inflicted upon the soul by the economic destruction of the sense of truth. Few men, cowering under the hunger whip, wielded by the slave-driving of the commercial world, dare be honest with themselves, much less with their brothers. A system built upon lies—as our industrial system is—dependent upon chance, falsehood and force, tends to produce lives impregnated with falsehood. The fear of what will happen to one's self distorts and discolors all that we say and do, until good men become, all unconsciously, depraved with reference to the truth. No man is free to know

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and tell the truth until he is free from dependence upon some other man for his livelihood. Fear of the truth produces faith in lies; and the worst state of man is reached when men believe their own lies.

V.

We could burn up much of the so-called "wealth" of the nation, and our real economic resources would be left; for what you call wealth is composed of force, in the form of paper and fictitious stocks, which are lies; yet lies so mighty that the armies of the Cæsars are as mushrooms in comparison. These lies rule the nation with a rule that is absolute and irresponsible. They exact blood money and soul tribute, and consume the labor and manhood of the people. Thomas Carlyle pictures the French Revolution as the rising of twenty-five million men to say: "Rather than live longer under lies, we will die!" Are there a million men in America ready for such an oath?

VI.

How comes it that capitalism endures? In part because we are stupid enough to let it. There are seventy millions of us in this nation; there are only a few hundreds of our masters. How long do you think that the legions of watered stocks, of lobbyists, of Wall Street potentates, of street railway powers, could actually rule if we should decide not to be ruled, but to possess the common property for the common good? Are we ready for this? We are not ready for anything else. We are always ready for what is just and right, and never ready for what is unjust and wrong.

VII.

At the heart of every political struggle or religious movement, working itself out in history, expressing itself in all religious and political aspiration, is the principle of equalization of power. The world-struggle has been for the equalization of the power by which men organize their lives. The revolts against religious dogmatisms have not been due, as many think, to elemental skepticism; they have been due to the fact that the creed becomes a sort of impersonal tyrant, dictating what men shall see, limiting the truth that men shall know. Revolts against dogmatism are a part of the everlasting struggle of men to be free; the struggle of men to have their lives in their own hands; and to see and individualize for themselves. The same thing is true of political revolutions. The struggles for political liberty have been the working out of the democracy of power. They have been protests, which must last as long as masters last, against any man being subject to another man. So long as men have it in their power to subject other men to their interests, we have no abiding ground for enduring order and strifeless progress.

VIII.

Power can rightly or safely reside only in the common life. There never lived a man who could be trusted with the liberty of another man, or who had the right to rule him; no man's welfare, economic or political, or religious, ought to be committed to any other man. There never was a nation that had the right to rule another nation, or that could be trusted with its liberties.

IX.

Any sort of power that subjects the mind or the interests, the economic or political well-being of one, to another, destroys those who are ruled over and those who rule. No man was ever ruled, or ever felt himself obliged to adjust his thinking and working to some other man, or class of men, without having the citadel of his soul attacked. On the other hand, no man ever ruled another man, or used him, even for what he conceived to be the Kingdom of God, without striking at his own soul, and committing spiritual suicide.

X.

Thus, whenever any class has power over another class, the ruling class becomes itself enslaved. A ruling class first de-

stroys the power of the subject class for self-government, to become, in turn, itself enslaved. Nero had supreme power, yet lived in miserable and constant fear—the slave of slaves. The modern plutocrat is so fearful for the safety of the existing order, that he subsidizes newspapers, writes editorials and even dispatches, from country towns; so fearful is he, that he buys colleges with endowments, and controls the organizations of churches; and what is he afraid of? The class he exploits, and a spoken word!

XI.

There was a time when power resided in the throne; when it was vested in the sovereign; but to-day it is not the divine right of kings, but the "divine right" of privately-owned public property that we have to deal with. In modern civilization, property is concrete power. All legislation, all powers of judiciary, have to do with property. Property centralizes power. The kings are gone, and people are no longer afraid of creeds; but capitalized property, which De Tocqueville long ago said would give to America the worst of despotisms and the hardest of masters, to-day brings us face to face with the old problem of absolutism. The great capitalist of 1903 is simply Cæsar brought down to date; Cæsar come down through state and church to finally stand upon his solidus: basis—the face of the earth, which belongs to the people.

XII.

The Social problem has to do with the right and power of humanity to govern itself. It is the perennial problem of man's self-emancipation. It is the warning of the new manhood unto the masters of every sort that their day is passing; that the day of the people is at hand. Masters of every sort—masters over souls, masters over minds, masters over bodies, masters over nations—must take their place among the people; for the people will serve at the feet of the masters no more.

XIII.

Can the Socialist ideal be realized? Nothing else can, in the end. Nothing short of the ideal is safe, or is ever actually realized. Compromise is the parent of tragedy. No ideal was ever born into this world out of its time. The moment that an ideal comes into the vision of the common life, then is the moment to realize it, and without a day's delay.



Karl Marx

A SONNET

By Lucien V. Rule.



POSES of modern labor; comrade, who declined

The world's Egyptian glory and renown,
And for wage-slaving Israel faced the frown
Of Pharaoh Capital. O godlike mind,

Whose miracles of truth have smitten blind

The fools of wisdom 'mid millennial morn,

While sceptered greed bewails her primal born!

Hail, dauntless leader, breasting wave and wind

And wilderness to reach that commonwealth

Where lordly idlers live no more by stealth,

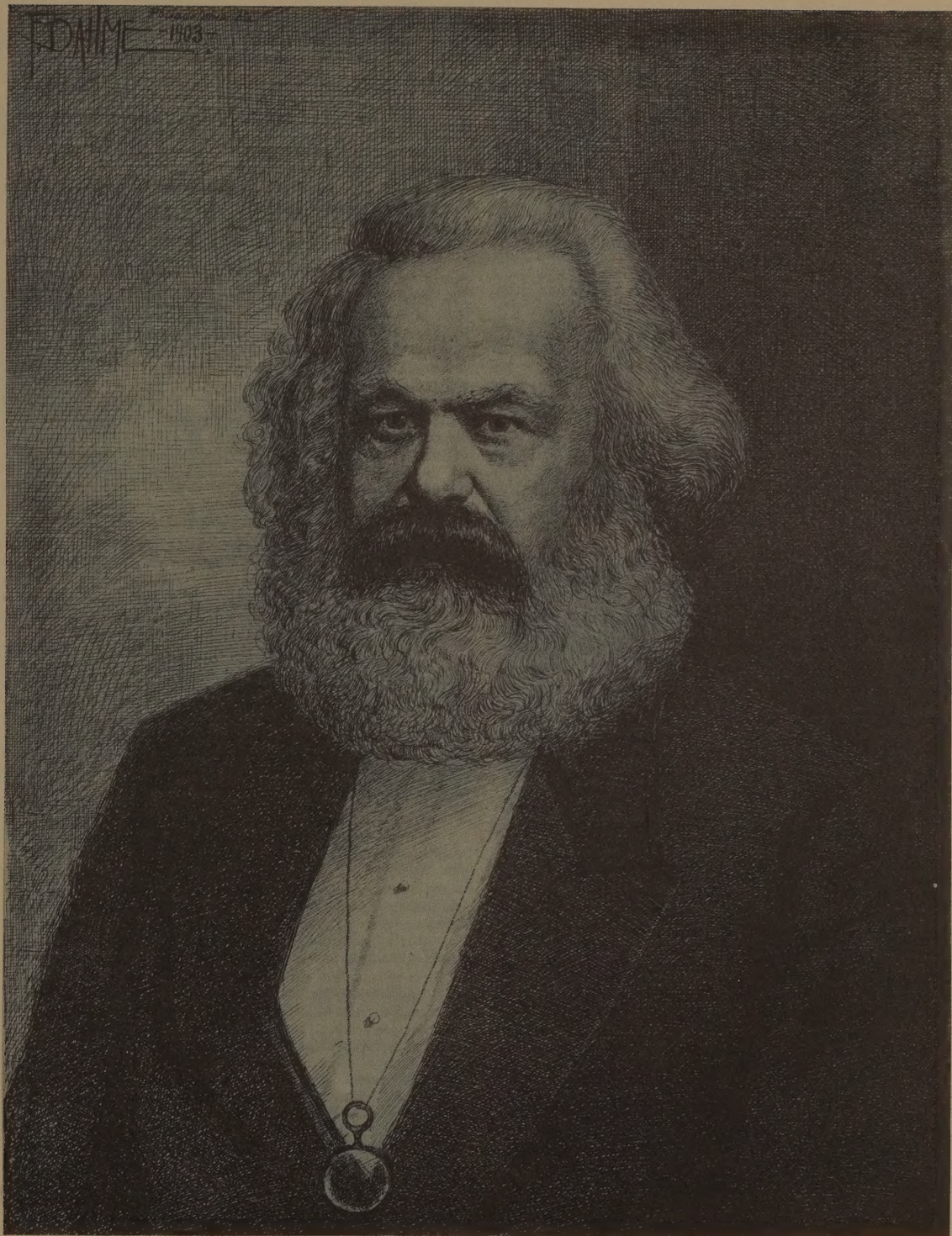
And crime made legal; but where noble toil

Shall rule the realm, be it on sea or soil;

Where comrade-love shall bind in warm embrace

Of brotherhood the heart-beat of our race!

THE COMRADE



From a Pen and Ink Drawing by F. Dahme.

KARL MARX.

A Tale of Two Hamlets

By Milda Tupper Maynard.



RECENTLY I witnessed the death of a town, or, to be more exact, I awoke one morning to find the corpse of what had been a lively, if very ugly, little hamlet, upon the uplands of Wyoming. The log houses of the old settlers remained, the modern-looking hotel and store, with its warehouse, stood out high and dry; even the dingy red buildings

of the railroad-depot, section houses, pump house and tank, stood as they had for thirty odd years, and yet the town was dead. Smoke still arose from some of the houses, the doors of the stores were still open, but only now and then a stray person walked the dusty roadway. Within the hotel the corps of Chinamen in the kitchen and dining-room loitered about, disgusted with unaccustomed leisure.

Why this sudden snuffing cut of life?

The railroad trains had ceased to run. A cut-off had been opened, tunneling the mountains, and the old line was abandoned.

It was merely an exhibition of energy and enterprise upon the part of one of the great railway systems. The cost had been enormous; the saving in labor, time and steam very great. It was part of the push and daring of modern undertaking.

As an incident too significant for notice, several towns were dead.

Socialists are always met in any discussion with the horrible accusation—confiscation. It does not seem to occur to those who urge this that property values are now confiscated in all sorts of ways by private interests.

Factories are opened or closed without asking leave of the communities that are rich or poor by the turn of the scale. Towns are established and abandoned at pleasure.

In the present case the accumulations of a lifetime for a score or more of persons were blotted out as by fire. The hotel, owned by an old lady, represented three decades of hard work. The building would easily have rented for an amount more than sufficient for an excellent livelihood under the old conditions; now it was not even a convenient roof to cover from the storm, so lost would one or two persons be in its roomy spaces.

One of the log houses, which had been rented constantly, supplied groceries and incidentals for a widow trying to hold a homestead ten miles away. Now she wondered if the logs and lumber were worth hauling to the ranch for pig-pens. The merchants, whose trade had grown by the energy and honesty of their youth, found that roots must be planted in new, and, for them, more difficult soil; while capital represented in buildings must be sacrificed, not to speak of the heavy expense of moving which must be assumed.

Of course, no one is to blame; it is all necessary.

The interests of the traveling and shipping public demand a change, as well as the future profit of the railroad company.

The question merely arises: If the property of the few must be sacrificed under the present system when the private profit of the few dictates, why may not the property of the few be sacrificed also when the welfare of the many demands it?

The residents of this little burg bowed to the inevitable with good nature, although with considerable amazement. It never occurred to any one but a certain revolutionary onlooker to resent a system which made such injustice possible. Why, then, should trust magnates object if some fine morning they should awake to find that the people had opened a short-cut road to their own best interests and left the outgrown capitalist stranded on the twisted, unreasonable up-grade of an abandoned system?

* * * * *

Five miles from this deserted village there is another, through which passes all the traffic which once gave life to its unfortunate neighbor.

This town is a proof that the railways are awake to the lesson the people are slow to learn. They know that there are various sources of profit in all kinds of community industry, so this railway company decided to have this town in its own hands, absorbing all the profits for itself.

Hamlet No. 2 is a child of the railroad in every sense. Two years ago nothing marred the sage-brush and stunted cedars of the mountain-like hills. But there was coal in one of the hills. This company is not foolish enough to buy coal of others. It makes companies of its own to supply its coal and keeps profits in the family. One of these companies opened this mine and imported several hundred miners. The housing and feeding of this new community was not left to chance or individual initiative. Houses were built and the rent profit assimilated; a store was opened and most goodly profits taken therefrom. No lots are sold to outside parties. Why should the inharmony of competition be allowed, to say nothing of deliberately giving to outsiders the profits which could naturally be retained for itself. A hotel was needed, so the company built this also, and received therefor a most excellent rental.



A Frontispiece by Walter Crane From the Duchess of Sutherland's "THE WIND IN THE TREE"

By permission of Mr. R. H. Russell.

Why pay for coal, when by such a common-sense plan it can mine its own and get back all the money paid in wages?

No one has the right to object, and a prettier object lesson could not well be found.

Will the workers never be as wise and refuse to hand over to others the profits they themselves make possible—the value they alone can give?

The Lord and the Laborers

Translated from the German of KARL EWALD

By M. J. Konikow.



It was on the eve of the First of May. The Lord descended to the Earth for His usual walk before the close of the Gate of Heaven, and before the stars were lit.

As He was walking thus along the street he encountered an immense crowd of people moving toward Him.

It was plain to see that they came directly from their work, for their hands and faces were still covered with dirt, and their steps were heavy and tired.

"What do you want here at this late hour?" inquired the Lord.

"We could not come earlier," they replied. "We want you to regulate the hours of labor."

The Lord sat down and wrinkled His brow. "It is remarkable how you men acquired the habit of coming to Me with all your insignificant troubles. This morning, for instance, a reverend gentleman disturbed my peace by inquiring whether I had anything against him giving a party on Thursday afternoon. He has, he said, on the invitation cards the stereotyped 'If God will,' which would make it easy for him to recall them, if necessary. That took unnecessarily some of my time; and still I should judge that I have arranged the world so judiciously that under ordinary circumstances you ought to be able to take care of yourselves."

Thus spoke the Lord. The men then threw themselves on their knees and wept: "We do not want to work longer than eight hours a day. We want time for sleep—time for reading. We want to have some time to play with our children. We want to take out our sweethearts into the woods. We want to taste and refresh ourselves with good music, art, and all the beauty you have given to this Earth of ours."

"Who in the world prevents you from all that?" inquired the Lord.

Then the factory owner, the land owner and the clergymen stepped forward, made low bows, and spoke: "It is impossible to fulfill the wishes of these men. The world could not exist with so little work. It would simply collapse."

The Lord looked the three gentlemen over and asked them: "Are you the only ones who think this way?"

"Oh, no!" they answered. "There are quite a few who think thus, a good many, in fact, a multitude. We three are merely their representatives."

"Then why are you not all here, as these workingmen are?" rejoined the Lord.

They looked at each other amazedly, and answered at last: "The others had no time. One could not part with a good book. Another took his sweetheart into the woods; still another enjoys a good play in the theater; again another enjoys a concert. One spends his time with his children; another reposes on his sofa."

Then the Lord raised His hand and laughed so heartily that all the church bells in the land began to ring. Then He turned to the workingmen and said: "Go back and do likewise. You have My blessing."

A Pioneer of Woman's Suffrage



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT, the intellectual pioneer of the Woman's Suffrage movement, was born at Hoxton, England, on April 27th, 1759. Having to make her own living while still quite young, she became a governess in the family of an Irish landowner, Lord Kingsborough. It was not long, however, before she decided to

devote herself to literary work, and in 1792 her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman" startled the English public by its bold and daring treatment of the relationship of the sexes. With as much brilliance as daring she attacked the prevailing notion that woman was inferior to man. Though the work, as she designed it, was never completed, the one volume published had an enormous effect. It was one of the great epochal works of which literary history contains so many examples. To this day it is recognized as being not only a great literary classic, but a great social standard to be aimed at. She advocated State education; the joint education of the sexes; equal political rights for both sexes and greater freedom of divorce. A disbeliever in the legal marriage system, which she regarded as a form of slavery, she nevertheless married William Godwin, author of "An Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Political Justice," the book which called forth the famous essay by Malthus on the population question. Godwin fully shared her views upon the marriage question, and their action in being legally married was due to their desire to protect any possible offspring.

Her great sympathy with the ideas back of the French Revolution led her to take up her residence for a time in Paris. During the whole "Reign of Terror" she remained there, mingling with the greatest scholars and publicists of France.

Married in 1796, she died in the following year in giving birth to a daughter, who became the second wife of the poet Shelley. Our illustration is from the painting by the great English painter, John Opie, R. A., now in the National Portrait Gallery, London. It was painted only a short time before her death.

S.



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

THE COMRADE.



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EDITORIAL.



COURAGE to face the meaning and consequences of our own social faith is a supreme need of the Socialist movement to-day. Other great movements have faltered and denied themselves when brought to face the same need, and their want of faith—and the courage of faith—has been their undoing. Failure, like a swift-footed avenging Nemesis, follows fear with relentless energy. Fear and unfaith are the parents of compromise; and compromise is the mother of defeat. All along the blood-red path of the race are the evidences of this great truth that the ruling classes have continually won by reason of the fear of the subjected. They have rehabilitated themselves a thousand times by means of compromises. If Socialism is to conquer the world to save it, organized Socialism must be true to itself and its own profoundest meanings.

And in the political struggle, by reason of its very nature, partaking as it does of the most brutal and dehumanizing features of the corrupt system under which we live, and against which we strive, this faith, to use a phrase of the old pietists, needs constant renewing. And the need of this renewal of faith was probably never so evident as at this time. We need a great rebaptism of enthusiastic and courageous faith—not so much faith in the letter, the theory, of Socialism as in its spiritual meaning and promise, its own matchless beauty and abundant sufficiency. Not yet has our emancipation of spirit been accomplished. We cry aloud that the gods are no more, but we have not yet learned to live independently of them.

Let us turn our eyes from what we find satisfaction in seeing, to ourselves. Candor compels the admission that the pallor of fear and the paralysis of its impotency are upon us. We have lost the courage of our faith, if, indeed, we ever had it to lose.

Take, for example, the question of ethics. How often do we see quoted in our own press, from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that familiar fallacy that "the ethics of Christianity and Socialism are identical." It is not true; we do not ourselves, in most cases, believe it. We repeat it because it appeals to the slave-mind of the world. It is easier so to act, than to affirm, what in our very souls we feel to be true, that Socialism as an ethical interpretation of life is far removed from Christianity, and of infinitely greater beauty and worth. The ethics of Christianity, like its practices, are characterized by a monstrous disregard of the common life. Christianity and tyranny are, and for ages have been, firmly allied. The ethical teaching of Jesus even was not Socialism; even his pure, sweet, spirit had no clear concept of that great common life standard which the race was destined to reach through centuries of struggle and pain. But the system which bears his name never knew the ethical teaching of Jesus. There is no wrong, however terrible, which has not been justified by Christianity; no movement for human liberty which has not been opposed by it. Its very basis is a lie and a denial of the basic principle of Socialism. Its own infidelity to the common life of the world sets it at the antithesis of Socialism.

We must be careful to avoid cramping ourselves and truncating our faith to suit the Christian measure. Christianity is not big enough, nor pure enough, nor noble enough, to measure our great world-faith. To identify Socialism with Christianity we must first "Christianize" it; we must abandon its highest and loveliest meanings. Socialism Christianized would be Socialism emasculated and destroyed.

To appeal to the slave-mind of the world, to play upon its weakness and its bondage, either by the use of such ill-founded judgments as the one quoted to support our case, or of the sacerdotal vestments and titular prestige of ecclesiasticism, is to appeal to, and by the appeal to confirm, the ignorant prejudices with which priestcraft has always held the mass-mind in bondage. It is at once a self-betrayal, and a betrayal to those of whom we appeal. Socialism needs no religion to support it, and if it did it could not receive support from outworn dogmatic Christianity. When we have the courage to take hold of it, Socialism will become for each of us a religion immeasurably grander and truer than what we call religion to-day. The only vital and vitalizing faith that is possible, and for which the world waits, must spring from the common-life needs of the world. The old definition of religion as a "binding together," which the theologians found so difficult to apply to life and its needs, will then become a symbol of very real meaning and strength. Nothing less than the binding together of all the race interests in one harmonious and free brotherhood.

We can no more hope to escape the struggle against the religion of capitalism than we may hope to escape the struggle against its economics. And we have no business attempting to escape it. Yet there has been more than a tendency in that direction in our ranks of late. "Socialism is simply a question of economics," says one. "It has nothing to do with morals," says another. "Socialism is nothing more nor less than a matter of economic theory," and so on. In most instances those who thus narrowly define Socialism are the first to complain of what they are pleased to describe as the "rigid and barren materialism" of the followers of Marx. They do not, apparently, see that their own fear of the issues before them, which these answers are vain attempts to evade, have made of their Socialism a cold, barren, harsh materialism, without one solitary spiritual attraction. Only

when we are brave enough to be true to the world, and to ourselves, concerning our faith, shall we be able to discern its full spiritual beauty. When that courage is ours, and not till then, the glory and inspiration of Socialism will also be ours.

If there were gods to whom we could pray, how fitting for most of us would be the prayer of the wise old Greek, "Give me the courage to face my inmost soul!" S.

Dedication

By Dr. J. D. Buck.



ERS is not the tongue that speaks

Words that wake the palsied crowd;

Hers is not the hand that seeks
How to stay the red world-clood;

Hers is not the call to thought

Where the power to think seems dead.
Pledging freedom shall be bought

By the toil robbed of its bread.

Silent and serene she bides,

Listening, with her shriven soul
Borne along upon the tides
That impassioned from him roll.

Hers the soul that stands between

Spoken word and high behest;
Hers the springs of life unseen,
She the heavenly guide and guest.

Well she knows his soul is borne

On the vision she beholds—
Vision of some far world-morn
Which the hid love-world enfolds.

His the tongue, but hers the voice;

His the word, but hers the song;
Hers the vision, his the choice,
Of the love that ends the wrong.

He, creative through her love,

Walking by its might and light,
Builds the world which love shall move
Dreams the death of night and might.

*Written at the lecture of George D. Herron before the Clarion Club, Cincinnati, March 15, 1903.

News from Nowhere

By William Morris.

(Concluded)

CHAPTER XXX.

THE JOURNEY'S END.



WE went. In spite of my new-born excitement about Ellen, and my gathering fear of where it would land me, I could not help taking abundant interest in the condition of the river and its banks; all the more as she never seemed weary of the changing picture, but looked at every yard of flowery bank and gurgling eddy with the same kind of affectionate interest which I myself once had so fully, as I used to think, and perhaps had not altogether lost even in this strangely changed society with all its wonders. Ellen seemed delighted with my pleasure at this, that, or the other piece of carefulness in dealing with the river; the nursing of pretty corners; the ingenuity in dealing with difficulties of water-engineering, so that the most obviously useful works looked beautiful and natural also. All this, I say, pleased me hugely, and she was pleased at my pleasure—but rather puzzled, too.

"You seem astonished," she said, just after we had passed a mill* which spanned all the stream save the water-way for traffic, but which was as beautiful in its way as a Gothic cathedral—"You seem astonished at this being so pleasant to look at."

"Yes," I said, "in a way I am; though I don't see why it should not be."

"Ah!" she said, looking at me admiringly yet with a lurking smile on her face, "you know all about the history of the past. Were they not always careful about this little stream which now adds so much pleasantness to the country side? It would always be easy to manage this little river. Ah! I forgot, though," she said, as her eye caught mine, "in the days we are thinking of pleasure was wholly neglected in such matters. But how did they manage the river in the days that you—" "Lived in," she was going to say; but correcting herself, said—"in the days of which you have record?"

"They mismanaged it," quoth I. "Up to the first half of the nineteenth century, when it was still more or less of a highway for the country people, some care was taken of the river and its banks; and though I don't suppose any one troubled himself about its aspect, yet it was trim and beautiful. But when the railways—of which no doubt you have heard—came into power, they would not allow the people of the country to use either the natural or artificial waterways, of which latter there were a great many. I suppose when we get higher up we shall see one of these; a very important one, which one of these railways entirely closed to the public, so that they might force people to send their goods by their private road, and so tax them as heavily as they could."

Ellen laughed heartily. "Well," she said, "that is not stated clearly enough in our history-books, and it is worth knowing. But certainly the people of those days must have been a curiously lazy set. We are not either fidgety or quarrelsome now, but if any one tried such a piece of folly on us, we should use the said waterways, whoever gainsaid us; surely that would be simple enough. However, I remember other cases of this stupidity: when I was on the Rhine two years ago, I remember they showed us ruins of old castles, which, according to what

*I should have said that all along the Thames there were abundance of mills used for various purposes; none of which was in any degree unsightly, and many strikingly beautiful; and the gardens about them marvels of loveliness.

we heard, must have been made for pretty much the same purpose as the railways were. But I am interrupting your history of the river: pray go on."

"It is both short and stupid enough," said I. "The river having lost its practical or commercial value—that is, being of no use to make money of—"

She nodded. "I understand what that queer phrase means," said she. "Go on!"

"Well, it was utterly neglected, till at last it became a nuisance—"

"Yes," quoth Ellen, "I understand; like the railways and the robber knights. Yes?"

"So then they turned the makeshift business on to it, and handed it over to a body up in London, who, from time to time, in order to show that they had something to do, did some damage here and there—cut down trees, destroying the banks thereby; dredged the river (where it was needed always), and threw the dredgings on the fields so as to spoil them; and so forth. But for the most part they practiced 'masterly inactivity,' as it was then called—that is, they drew their salaries, and let things alone."

"Drew their salaries," she said. "I know that means that they were allowed to take an extra lot of other people's goods for doing nothing. And if that had been all, it really might have been worth while to let them do so, if you couldn't find any other way of keeping them quiet; but it seems to me that being so paid, they could not help doing something, and that something was bound to be mischief—because," said she, kindling with sudden anger, "the whole business was founded on lies and false pretensions. I don't mean only these river-guardians, but all these master-people I have read of."

"Yes," said I, "how happy you are to have got out of the parsimony of oppression!"

"Why do you sigh?" she said, kindly and somewhat anxiously. "You seem to think that it will not last?"

"It will last for you," quoth I.

"But why not for you?" said she. "Surely it is for all the world; and if your country is somewhat backward, it will come into line before long. Or," she said, quickly, "are you thinking that you must soon go back again? I will make my proposal which I told you of at once, and so perhaps put an end to your anxiety. I was going to propose that you should live with us where we are going. I feel quite old friends with you, and should be sorry to lose you." Then she smiled on me, and said: "Do you know, I begin to suspect you of wanting to nurse a sham sorrow, like the ridiculous characters in some of those queer old novels that I have come across now and then."

I really had almost begun to suspect it myself, but I refused to admit so much; so I sighed no more, but fell to giving my delightful companion what little pieces of history I knew about the river and its border-lands; and the time passed pleasantly enough; and between the two of us (she was a better sculler than I was, and seemed quite tireless) we kept up fairly well with Dick, hot as the afternoon was, and swallowed up the way at a great rate. At last we passed under another ancient bridge; and through meadows bordered at first with huge elm trees, mingled with sweet chestnut of younger but very elegant growth; and the meadows widened out so much that it seemed as if the trees must now be on the bents only, or about the houses, except for the growth of willows on the immediate banks; so that the wide stretch of grass was little broken here. Dick got very much excited now, and often stood up in the boat to cry out to us that this was such and such a field, and so forth;

and we caught fire at his enthusiasm for the hayfield and its harvest, and pulled our best.

At last as we were passing through a reach of the river where on the side of the towing-path was a highish bank with a thick whispering bed of reeds before it, and on the other side a higher bank, clothed with willows that dipped into the stream and crowned by ancient elm trees, we saw bright figures coming along close to the bank, as if they were looking for something; as, indeed, they were, and we—that is, Dick and his company—were what they were looking for. Dick lay on his oars, and we followed his example. He gave a joyous shout to the people on the bank, which was echoed back from it in many voices, deep and sweetly shrill; for there were above a dozen persons, men, women and children. A tall, handsome woman, with black, wavy hair, and deep-set gray eyes, came forward on the bank and waved her hand gracefully to us, and said:

"Dick, my friend, we have almost had to wait for you! What excuse have you to make for your slavish punctuality? Why didn't you take us by surprise, and come yesterday?"

"Oh," said Dick, with an almost imperceptible jerk of his head toward our boat, "we didn't want to come too quick up the water; there is so much to see for those who have not been up here before."

"True, true," said the stately lady, for stately is the word that must be said for her; "and we want them to get to know the wet way from the east thoroughly well, since they must often use it now. But come ashore at once, Dick, and you, dear neighbors; there is a break in the reeds and a good landing-place just round the corner. We can carry up your things, or send some of the lads after them."

"No, no," said Dick; "it is easier going by water, though it is but a step. Besides, I want to bring my friend here to the proper place. We will go on to the ford; and you can talk to us from the bank as we paddle along."

He pulled his sculls through the water, and on we went, turning a sharp angle and going north a little. Presently we saw before us a bank of elm trees, which told us of a house amidst them, though I looked in vain for the gray walls that I expected to see there. As we went, the folk on the bank talked indeed, mingling their kind voices with the cuckoo's song, the sweet strong whistle of the blackbirds, and the ceaseless note of the corn-crake as he crept through the long grass of the mowing-field; whence came waves of fragrance from the flowering clover amidst the ripe grass.

In a few minutes we had passed through a deep eddying pool into the sharp stream that ran from the ford, and beached our craft on a tiny strand of limestone-gravel, and stepped ashore into the arms of our up-river friends, our journey done.

I disentangled myself from the merry throng, and mounting on the cart-road that ran along the river some feet above the water, I looked round about me. The river came down through a wide meadow on my left, which was grey now with the ripened seeding grasses; the gleaming water was lost presently by a turn of the bank, but over the meadow I could see the mingled gables of a building where I knew the lock must be, and which now seemed to combine a mill with it. A low wooded ridge bounded the river-plain to the south and southeast, whence we had come, and a few low houses lay about its feet and up its slope. I turned a little to my right, and through the hawthorn sprays and long shoots of the wild roses could see the flat country spreading out far away under the sun of the calm evening, till something that might be called hills with a look of sheep-pastures about them bounded it with a soft blue line. Before me, the elm boughs still hid most of what houses there might be in this river-side dwelling of men; but to the right of the cart-road a few grey buildings of the simplest kind showed here and there.

There I stood in a dreamy mood, and rubbed my eyes as if I were not wholly awake, and half expected to see the gay-clad company of beautiful men and women change to two or three spindle-legged back-bowed men and haggard, hollow-eyed, ill-

favoured women, who once wore down the soil of this land with their heavy hopeless feet, from day to day, and season to season, and year to year. But no change came as yet, and my heart swelled with joy as I thought of all the beautiful gray villages, from the river to the plain and the plain to the uplands, which I could picture to myself so well, all peopled now with this happy and lovely folk, who had cast away riches and attained to wealth.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN OLD HOUSE AMONGST NEW FOLK.



S I stood there Ellen detached herself from our happy friends who still stood on the little strand, and came up to me. She took me by the hand, and said softly, "Take me on to the house at once; we need not wait for the others: I had rather not."

I had a mind to say that I did not know the way thither, and that the river-dwellers should lead; but almost without my will my feet moved on along the road they knew. The raised way led us into a little field bounded by a backwater of the river on one side; on the right hand we could see a cluster of small houses and barns, new and old, and before us a gray stone barn and a wall partly overgrown with ivy, over which a few gray gables showed. The village road ended in the shallow of the aforesaid backwater. We crossed the road, and again almost without my will my hand raised the latch of a door in the wall, and we stood presently on a stone path which led up to the old house to which fate in the shape of Dick had so strangely brought me in this new world of men. My companion gave a sigh of pleased surprise and enjoyment; nor did I wonder, for the garden between the wall and the house was redolent of the June flowers, and the roses were rolling over one another with that delicious superabundance of small well-tended gardens which at first sight takes away all thought from the beholder save that of beauty. The blackbirds were singing their loudest, the doves were cooing on the roof-ridge, the rooks in the high elm trees beyond were garrulous among the young leaves and the swifts wheeled whining about the gables. And the house itself was a fit guardian for all the beauty of this heart of summer.

Once again Ellen echoed my thoughts as she said: "Yes, friend, this is what I came out to see; this many-gabled old house built by the simple country-folk of the long-past times, regardless of all the turmoil that was going on in cities and courts, is lovely still amidst all the beauty which these latter days have created; and I do not wonder at our friends tending it carefully and making much of it. It seems to me as if it had waited for these happy days, and held in it the gathered crumbs of happiness of the confused and turbulent past."

She led me up close to the house, and laid her shapely sun-browned hand and arm on the lichen wall as if to embrace it, and cried out, "Oh, me! Oh, me! How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it—as this has done!"

I could not answer her, or say a word. Her exultation and pleasure were so keen and exquisite, and her beauty, so delicate, yet so interfused with energy, expressed it so fully, that any added word would have been commonplace and futile. I dreaded lest the others should come in suddenly and break the spell she had cast about me; but we stood there a while by the corner of the big gable of the house, and no one came. I heard the merry voices some way off presently, and knew that they were going along the river to the great meadow on the other side of the house and garden.

We drew back a little, and looked up at the house; the door and the windows were open to the fragrant sun-cured air; from the upper window-sills hung festoons of flowers in honor of the festival, as if the others shared in the love for the old house.

"Come in," said Ellen. "I hope nothing will spoil it inside; but I don't think it will. Come! we must go back presently to

the others. They have gone on to the tents; for surely they must have tents pitched for the haymakers—the house would not hold a tithe of the folk, I am sure."

She led me on to the door, murmuring little above her breath as she did so, "The earth and the growth of it and the life of it! If I could but say or show how I love it!"

We went in, and found no soul in any place as we wandered from room to room—from the rose-covered porch to the strange and quaint garrets amongst the great timbers of the roof, where of old time the tillers and herdsmen of the manor slept, but which a-nights seemed now, by the small size of the beds, and the little of useless and disregarded matters—bunches of dying flowers, feathers of birds, shells of starling's eggs, caddis worms in mugs, and the like—seemed to be inhabited for the time by children.

Everywhere there was but little furniture, and that only the most necessary, and of the simplest forms. The extravagant love of ornament which I had noted in this people elsewhere seemed here to have given place to the feeling that the house itself and its associations was the ornament of the country life amidst which it had been left stranded from old times, and that to reornament it would but take away its use as a piece of natural beauty.

We sat down at last in a room over the wall which Ellen had caressed, and which was still hung with old tapestry, originally of no artistic value, but now faded into pleasant gray tones which harmonized thoroughly well with the quiet of the place, and which would have been ill supplanted by brighter and more striking decoration.

I asked a few random questions of Ellen as we sat there, but scarcely listened to her answers, and presently became silent, and then scarce conscious of anything, but that I was there in that old room, the doves crooning from the roofs of the barn and dovecot beyond the window opposite to me.

My thought returned to me after what I think was but a minute or two, but which, as in a vivid dream, seemed as if it had lasted a long time, when I saw Ellen sitting, looking all the fuller of life and pleasure and desire from the contrast with the gray faded tapestry with its futile design, which was now only bearable because it had grown so faint and feeble.

She looked at me kindly, but as if she read me through and through. She said: "You have begun again your never-ending contrast between the past and this present. Is it not so?"

"True," said I. "I was thinking of what you, with your capacity and intelligence, joined to your love of pleasure, and your impatience of unreasonable restraint—of what you would have been in that past. And even now, when all is won and has been for a long time, my heart is sickened with thinking of all the waste of life that has gone on for so many years!"

"So many centuries," she said, "so many ages!"

"True," I said; "too true," and sat silent again.

She rose up and said: "Come, I must not let you go off into a dream again so soon. If we must lose you, I want you to see all that you can see first before you go back again."

"Lose me?" I said—"go back again? Am I not to go up to the North with you? What do you mean?"

She smiled somewhat sadly, and said: "Not yet; we will not talk of that yet. Only, what were you thinking of just now?"

I said falteringly: "I was saying to myself, the past, the present? Should she not have said the contrast of the present with the future; of blind despair with hope?"

"I knew it," she said. Then she caught my hand and said excitedly, "Come, while there is yet time! Come!" And she led me out of the room; and as we were going downstairs and out of the house into the garden by a little side door which opened out of a curious lobby, she said in a calm voice, as if she wished me to forget her sudden nervousness: "Come! we ought to join the others before they come here looking for us. And let me tell you, my friend, that I can see you are too apt to fall into mere dreamy musing; no doubt because you are not

yet used to our life of repose amidst energy; of work which is pleasure and pleasure which is work."

She paused a little, and as we came out into the lovely garden again, she said: "My friend, you were saying that you wondered what I should have been if I had lived in those past days of turmoil and oppression. Well, I think I have studied the history of them to know pretty well. I should have been one of the poor, for my father when he was working was a mere tiller of the soil. Well, I could not have borne that; therefore my beauty and cleverness and brightness" (she spoke with no blush or sinner of false shame) "would have been sold to rich men, and my life would have been wasted indeed; for I know enough of that to know that I should have had no choice, no power of will over my life, and that I should never have bought pleasure from the rich men, or even opportunity of action, whereby I might have won some true excitement. I should have wrecked and wasted in one way or another, either by penury or by luxury. Is it not so?"

"Indeed it is," said I.

She was going to say something else, when a little gate in the fence, which led into a small elm-shaded field, was opened, and Dick came with hasty cheerfulness up the garden path, and was presently standing between us, a hand laid on the shoulder of each. He said: "Well, neighbors, I thought you two would like to see the old house quietly, without a crowd in it. Isn't it a jewel of a house after its kind? Well, come along, for it is getting toward dinner time. Perhaps you, guest, would like a swim before we sit down to what I fancy will be a pretty long feast?"

"Yes," I said, "I should like that."

"Well, good-bye for the present, neighbor Ellen," said Dick. "Here comes Clara to take care of you, as I fancy she is more at home among our friends here."

Clara came out of the fields as he spoke, and with one look at Ellen I turned and went with Dick, doubting, if I must say the truth, whether I should see her again.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FEAST'S BEGINNING—THE END.



DICK brought me at once into the little field, which, as I had seen from the garden, was covered with gaily-colored tents arranged in orderly lanes, about which were sitting and lying on the grass some fifty or sixty men, women and children, all of them in the height of good temper and enjoyment—with their holiday mood on, so to say.

"You are thinking that we don't make a great show as to numbers," said Dick; "but you must remember that we shall have more to-morrow; because in this haymaking work there is room for a great many people who are not overskilled in country matters; and there are many who lead sedentary lives, whom it would be unkind to deprive of their pleasure in the hayfield—scientific men and close students generally; so that the skilled workmen, outside those who are wanted as mowers, and foremen of the haymaking, stand aside, and take a little downright rest, which you know is good for them, whether they like it or not; or else they go to other countrysides, as I am doing here. You see, the scientific men and historians, and students generally, will not be wanted till we are fairly in the midst of the tedding, which, of course, will not be till the day after to-morrow." With that he brought me out of the little field on to a kind of causeway above the riverside meadow, and thence turning to the left on to a path through the mowing grass, which was thick and very tall, led on till we came to the river above the weir and its mill. There we had a delightful swim in the broad piece of water above the lock, where the river looked much bigger than its natural size from its being dammed up by the weir.

"Now we are in a fit mood for dinner," said Dick, when we had dressed and were going through the grass again; "and



certainly of all the cheerful meals in the year, this one of hayseal is the cheerfullest; not even, excepting the corn harvest feast; for then the year is beginning to fail, and one cannot help having a feeling behind all the gaiety of the coming of the dark days, and the shorn fields and empty gardens; and the spring is almost too far off to look forward to. It is, then, in the autumn, when one almost believes in death."

"How strangely you talk," said I, "of such a constantly recurring and consequently commonplace matter as the sequence of the seasons." And, indeed, these people were like children about such things, and had what seemed to me quite an exaggerated interest in the weather, a fine day, a dark night, or a brilliant one, and the like.

"Strangely?" said he. "Is it strange to sympathize with the year and its gains and losses?"

"At any rate," said I, "if you look upon the course of the year as a beautiful and interesting drama, which is what I think you do, you should be as much pleased and interested with the winter and its trouble and pain as with this wonderful summer luxury."

"And am I not?" said Dick, rather warmly; "only I can't look upon it as if I were sitting in a theater seeing the play going on before me, myself taking no part of it. It is difficult," said he, smiling good-humoredly, "for a non-literary man like me to explain myself properly, like that dear girl Ellen would; but I mean that I am part of it all, and feel the pain as well as the pleasure in my own person. It is not done for me by somebody else, merely that I may eat and drink and sleep; but I myself do my share of it."

In his way, also, as Ellen in hers, I could see that Dick had that passionate love of the earth which was common to but few people at least, in the days I knew; in which the prevailing feeling among intellectual persons was a kind of sour distaste for the changing drama of the year, for the life of

earth and its dealings with men. Indeed, in those days it was thought poetic and imaginative to look upon life as a thing to be borne, rather than enjoyed.

So I mused till Dick's laugh brought me back into the Oxfordshire hayfields. "One thing seems strange to me," said he—"that I must needs trouble myself about the winter and its scantiness, in the midst of the summer abundance. If it hadn't happened to me before, I should have thought it was your doing, guest; that you had thrown a kind of evil charm over me. Now, you know," said he, suddenly, "that's only a joke, so you musn't take it to heart."

"All right," said I, "I don't." Yet I did feel somewhat uneasy at his words, after all.

We crossed the causeway this time, and did not turn back to the house, but went along a path beside a field of wheat now almost ready to blossom. I said: "We do not dine in the house or garden, then?—as indeed I did not expect to. Where do we meet, then, for I can see that the houses are mostly very small."

"Yes," said Dick, "you are right, they are small in this countryside; there are so many good old houses left, that people dwell a good deal in such small detached houses. As to our dinner, we are going to have our feast in the church. I wish, for your sake, it were as big and handsome as that of the old Roman town to the west, or the forest town to the north*; but, however, it will hold us all; and though it is a little thing, it is beautiful in its way."

This was somewhat new to me, this dinner in a church, and I thought of the church-ales of the Middle Ages; but I said nothing, and presently we came out into the road which ran through the village. Dick looked up and down it, and seeing only two straggling groups before us, said: "It seems as if

*Cirencester and Burford he must have meant.

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we must be somewhat late; they are all gone on; and they will be sure to make a point of waiting for you, as the guest of guests, since you come from so far."

He hastened as he spoke, and I kept up with him, and presently we came to a little avenue of lime trees, which led us straight to the church porch from whose open door came the sound of cheerful voices and laughter and varied merriment.

"Yes," said Dick, "it's the coolest place, for one thing, this hot evening. Come along; they will be glad to see you."

Indeed, in spite of my bath, I felt the weather more sultry and oppressive than on any day of our journey yet.

We went into the church, which was a simple little building with one little aisle divided from the nave by three round arches, a chancel, and a rather roomy transept, for so small a building, the windows mostly of the graceful Oxfordshire fourteenth century type. There was no modern architectural decoration in it; it looked, indeed, as if none had been attempted since the Puritans whitewashed the mediæval saints and histories on the wall. It was, however, gaily dressed up for this latter-day festival, with festoons of flowers from arch to arch, and great pitchers of flowers standing about on the floor; while under the west window hung two cross scythes, their blades polished white, and gleaming from out of the flowers that wreathed them. But its best ornament was the crowd of handsome, happy-looking men and women that were set down to table, and who, with their bright faces and rich hair over their gay holiday raiment, looked, as the Persian poet puts it, like a bed of tulips in the sun. Though the church was a small one, there was plenty of room; for a small church makes a big-gish house; and on this evening there was no need to set cross tables along the transepts; though doubtless these would be wanted next day, when the learned men of whom Dick has been speaking should be come to take their more humble part in the haymaking.

I stood on the threshold with the expectant smile on my face of a man who is going to take part in a festivity which he is really prepared to enjoy. Dick, standing by me, was looking around the company with an air of proprietorship in them, I thought. Opposite me sat Clara and Ellen, with Dick's place open between them; they were smiling, but their beautiful faces were each turned toward the neighbors on either side, who were talking to them, and they did not seem to see me. I turned to Dick, expecting him to lead me forward, and he turned his face to me; but, strange to say, though it was as smiling and cheerful as ever, it made no response to my glance—nay, he seemed to take no heed at all of my presence, and I noticed that none of the company looked at me. A pang shot through me, as of some disaster long expected and suddenly realized. Dick moved on a little without a word to me. I was not three yards from the two women, who, though they had been my companions for such a short time, had really, as I thought, become my friends. Clara's face was turned full upon me now, but she also did not seem to see me, though I know I was trying to catch her eye with an appealing look. I turned to Ellen, and she *did* seem to recognize me for an instant; but her bright face turned sad directly, and she shook

her head with a mournful look, and the next moment all consciousness of my presence had faded from her face.

I felt lonely and sick at heart past the power of words to describe. I hung about a minute longer, and then turned and went out of the porch again, and through the lime avenue into the road, while the blackbirds sang their strongest from the bushes about me in the hot June evening.

Once more, without conscious effort of will, I set my face toward the old house by the ford; but as I turned around the corner which led to the remains of the village cross, I came upon a figure strangely contrasting with the joyous, beautiful people I had left behind in the church. It was a man, who looked old, but whom I knew, from habit, now half forgotten, was really not much more than fifty. His face was rugged and grimed rather than dirty; his eyes dull and bleared; his body bent, his calves thin and spindly, his feet dragging and limping. His clothing was a mixture of dirt and rags long unfamiliar to me. As I passed him he touched his hat with some real good-will and courtesy, and much servility.

Inexpressibly shocked, I hurried past him and hastened along the road that led to the river and the lower end of the village; but suddenly I saw, as it were, a black cloud rolling along to meet me, like a nightmare of my childish days; and for a while I was conscious of nothing else than being in the dark, and whether I was walking, or sitting, or lying down, I could not tell.

* * * * *

I lay in my bed in my house at dingy Hammersmith, thinking about it all, and trying to consider if I was overwhelmed with despair at finding I had been dreaming a dream; and, strange to say, I found that I was not so despairing.

Or indeed *was* it a dream? If so, why was I so conscious all along that I was really seeing all that new life from the outside, still wrapped up in the prejudices, the anxieties, the distrust of this time of doubt and struggle?

All along, though those friends were so real to me, I had been feeling as if I had no business among them; as though the time would come when they would reject me, and say, as Ellen's last mournful look seemed to say, "No, it will not do; you cannot be of us; you belong so entirely to the unhappiness of the past that our happiness even would weary you. Go back again, now you have seen us, and your outward eyes have learned that in spite of all the infallible maxims of your day there is yet a time of rest in store for the world, when mastery has changed into fellowship—but not before. Go back again, then, and while you live you will see all around you people engaged in making others live lives which are not their own, while they themselves care nothing for their own real lives—men who hate life, though they fear death. Go back and be the happier for having seen us, for having added a little hope to your struggle. Go on living while you may, striving with whatsoever pain and labor needs must be, to build up, little by little, the new day of fellowship, and rest, and happiness."

Yes, surely; and if others can see it as I have seen it, then it may be called a vision rather than a dream.

[THE END.]



Ideals that Live Forever By M. Hyder.



SIT to-night

In the dim lamplight
While the blast on the mountain screams,
And my spirit is stirred
By the song of a bird
That has flown from the Land of Dreams.
Dim-dim on my sight
Fades the flickering light,
And the scream of the blast is stilled
By the song of the bird
That my soul has heard,
With a wondrous witch-note filled.

The present dies
And memory flies
To the shadowless days of youth;
Long ago—far away—
Ere the world was grey—
When all was Love and Truth.
Lo the dream-voice swells
Like the chiming bells
That rang on a natal morn,
Long ago—far away—
Ere the world was grey,
When a blue-eyed babe was born.

Ah, the blue of her eye
Was a glimpse of the sky,
And her hair in its hue of gold
Held a gleam of the light
That drips through the night
from a day that is never old.

She came like the flake
On the tossing lake,
Like the fragile frost-flower's bloom;
Like the Boreal light
In the Arctic night,
Soon lost in the grey and the gloom.

Yet the vanished flake
On the tossing lake
Finds a way to the mother main;
And the fair frost-flower,
In its ice-fringed bower,
Shall bloom with the frost again.
Aye! the vanished light
From its coffin of night
Shall appear in the East as of old,
When the grey dawn breaks
And the morning shakes
O'er the earth her locks of gold.

So my soul is taught
By the lesson wrought
In the moaning midnight's cry;
Oh, wondrous truth!
That Beauty and Youth
And Love shall never die!
My tears fall fast,
Though the spell is past,
And the voice of my dream is still
And harsh on my ear,
With its wail of fear,
The blast screams loud and shrill.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS



AM indebted to Mr. Kineton Parkes, of Leek, Staffordshire, England, for a copy of a beautifully-printed pamphlet containing a remarkable lecture, "At the Parting of the Ways," by Mr. J. W. Mackail, the son-in-law and official biographer of William Morris. One of the most intimate of Morris' friends was W. Lamer Sugden, of Leek,

an architect by profession, and an active Socialist. When Morris died, Sugden conceived the idea of establishing a Labor Church at Leek as a memorial, all the more fitting by reason of the fact that Morris had spent some of the most fruitful years of his life in that town. In June, 1901, Sugden himself died, and a committee, of which our friend, Walter Crane, is chairman, was formed to institute some suitable memorial to his memory. They decided that no more suitable memorial of his life and work could be devised than some sort of lecture scheme which would, in a measure, perpetuate that work. There was instituted, therefore, a fund to maintain a series of lectures in the William Morris Labor Church each year, and for an Annual Memorial Lecture, to be given on or near the anniversary of Sugden's birth.

Mr. Mackail's lecture was the first of the memorial series, and right nobly did he acquit himself. It deals with that critical period in the life of Morris when he stood at the parting of the ways between the old and outworn Liberalism and the newer Socialist ideal. Apart from its value as a notable contribution to our knowledge of the rich life of Morris, the lecture must be regarded as a distinctive contribution to literature. Personally, I hope we may not have long to wait for an American edition. Perhaps Mr. Mosher, to whose admirable work I referred last month, will, as in case of a former lecture by Mr. Mackail, reprint it in the *Bibelo*.

* * *

In a recent issue of the *Public*, the Single Tax organ, there was quite an editorial flutter occasioned by the mention of the old charge leveled against Henry George, that "Progress and Poverty" was a plagiarism of the work of Patrick Edward Dove. You will remember, perhaps, that in a former issue I noticed at some length Morrison Davidson's book, "Four Precursors of Henry George," and dealt with the life and work of Dove, who, he it said, was not by any means the first to advocate what we now speak of as the Single Tax. The Twentieth Century Press, of this city, recently inserted advertisements in several papers of a pamphlet by J. W. Sullivan, entitled "Ideo-Kleptomania: The Case of Henry George," first published in 1890. In this pamphlet Mr. Sullivan attacked Henry George, and accused him of plagiarizing Dove. You will find the question dealt with in the biography of George by his son, and the facts as there stated reflect little credit upon Sullivan. Such charges have been preferred against every man whose name has become associated with some great idea. I need only mention Darwin, in biology, and Marx, in economics, as instances. Even if George had known of Dove when he wrote "Progress and Poverty," which he seems not to have until afterward, I do not think it detracts seriously from his merit. But the squeamish apologies of the *Public*, for inserting the advertisement seem to me to be very puerile indeed. The charge that Marx plagiarized from Rodbertus has been made over and over, but I can hardly imagine a responsible Socialist publication refusing an advertisement of a book calling attention to the alleged plagiarism. Mr. Louis Post is more interesting when his frenzies are caused by more important matters.

I am glad to know that Dove's book is accessible to the ordinary reader in an inexpensive edition. It is one of those books which every Socialist ought to read. Perhaps I cannot do better than quote briefly concerning Dove and his work from my review of Morrison Davidson's book already referred to:

"Patrick Edward Dove was a scientist of repute who died in 1873. He was a close friend of Charles Sumner, Thomas Carlyle and Hugh Miller, the Scottish geologist. In 1850 he published, in London, Part I. of his great work, 'The Elements of Political Science, Otherwise the Theory of Human Progression and Natural Probability of a Reign of Justice.' His whole theory as regards rent may be summed up as follows: Private rent is historically misappropriated public taxation . . . the workers having therefore to pay double taxation—what was formerly *taxation* (as *rent*) and present taxation . . . All rent, so-called, being truly public taxation, it should be so taken and used, thus doing away with all other forms of taxation."

* * *

Speaking of Davidson: I wonder how many of my readers know what a mine of information is contained in his encyclopedic work, "The Annals of Toil?" I read most of the work as it came out in parts, some four or five years ago, and was impressed by the vast amount of erudition it showed. I have recently received from Mr. F. R. Henderson, the well-known radical publisher of London, a copy of the complete work in one bulky volume of something over five hundred pages. The book lacks the co-ordination of a well-written history, and rather resembles a collection of notes made in preparation for the serious task of writing such a history. It is made up of four main parts, which together comprehend a survey of the History of Labor from ancient Roman times to our own. Mr. Davidson lacks the historic sense of perspective, and occasionally makes bad breaks, as, for example, when he accepts without question or examination the fantastic and interesting, but utterly worthless, theory of the connection between the modern trade union and the temporary associations and revolts of the slaves in Biblical times; but he writes in good, vigorous English, and the student will find in the work an unparalleled mass of facts gathered from all sorts of out-of-the-way sources. This is the chief merit of most of Davidson's work. Testing it by all sorts of references, I have been agreeably surprised by its accuracy upon matters of fact in general, though there are several important and inexplicable omissions. Not a word is said, for instance, of the old "International," or the important part it played in the industrial history of the period of its existence. Again, in discussing the Factory Acts, no mention whatever is made of Robert Owen, though his co-workers, Sadler, Oastler and Shaftsbury, are deservedly eulogized. So with the history of the Co-operative movement in connection with which Owen is ignored, as he is indeed throughout the book. These omissions are as unfortunate as they are inexplicable; but "The Annals of Toil" is a good and useful work notwithstanding.

* * *

One of the most interesting and permanently valuable biographical studies I have read for a long time is Mr. William Alexander Linn's "Horace Greeley," which forms the latest of Appletons' "Historic Lives" series. In an attractive volume of little more than two hundred and fifty pages the life of the great editor is set forth with rare charm. Mr. Linn, who was for some years editorially associated with Greeley, writes of him from close personal observation, and we get a more life-like picture of the man than would otherwise be possible.

The chapter dealing with Greeley's connection with the Fourierist movement is well and fairly told. His connection with Brisbane, Parke Godwin, Margaret Fuller, and others, forms perhaps the most attractive period of his life. Reading his vigorous utterances after the lapse of almost half a century one cannot help wondering at the wonderfully clear perception of the essential features of the social problem which they manifest.

There are some good stories in the book, as might be ex-

THE COMRADE.

pected in the biography of such a man as Greeley, written by a journalistic colleague. This one, which I do not remember to have seen before, is good: Mr. Linn quotes it from Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. The latter found a caller in Greeley's office whose presence was evidently most unwelcome to the editor. "As he wrote on steadily he would give an occasional kick toward the caller, who every now and then put in a word. Finally, turning around, Greeley said: 'Tell me what you want. Tell me quick, and in one sentence.' The man said, 'I want a subscription, Mr. Greeley, for a cause which will prevent a thousand of our fellow-beings from going to hell.' Greeley shouted: 'I will not give you a cent. There don't half enough go there now.' As Greeley was a Universalist, this reply was not so severe as it sounded."

The prodigious working capacity of Greeley has been noticed by other writers. It seems almost incredible that one man could accomplish so much. Fancy a man editing a weekly paper in New York and another in Albany, in the days before the two cities were connected by railways, and finding time and strength to write for other papers! Greeley did that, and with no small measure of success attending his work. Of his routine during this period he wrote: "I regularly went up to Albany Saturday night, made up my paper there by Tuesday night, took the boat down, and got out my New Yorker by Friday; then prepared copy for part of my next number, and caught my valise for Albany again." What energy!

The book is well printed, and there are several illustrations. Valuable not only as the life of a great American, but equally for the clear light it throws upon the time in which he was a factor in the political life of the nation, Mr. Linn's interesting volume should be widely read and studied. I cordially recommend it to every reader of *THE COMRADE*.

* * *

When, I wonder, are we to have a reasonably decent portrayal of a Socialist in fiction, or upon the stage? No one has yet succeeded in depicting the modern Socialist with anything like the power and fidelity with which Charles Kingsley, and others, depicted the Chartists and the Christian Socialists of that period. Writers so widely differing in temperament and method as Mrs. Craigie, Hall Caine and the Duchess of Sutherland, have vied with each other in exhausting the possibilities of being ridiculous. Each has given us a pathetically ludicrous caricature as a serious attempt at portraying a Socialist.

Now Mrs. Fremont Older gives us another "freak" Socialist. Her "Socialist" is not even far enough advanced to make a decent Populist! His only idea is that the Chinese must be excluded. In fact, the "Socialist" is none other than Dennis Kearny, the Sand-lots Orator, of San Francisco, with his tiresome speech, "The Chinese must go!" As Paul Stryne we have Kearny a good deal improved by idealization, but no whit nearer being a Socialist. The title is a misnomer. It might just as reasonably have been called "The Baptist and the Prince."

Apart from this objection, the novel strikes me as being decidedly above the average. The style is a trifle amateurish in places, and some of the characterizations are weak. The drama of the story is played by three persons, Stryne, Prince Ruspoli, an Italian refugee, and Theodosia Pevton, a heartless coquette, with whom both men are in love. His strong love for this arrant coquette is the undoing of the "Socialist." Just as he has reached the zenith of power the struggle between love and duty takes place, and love conquers. Theodosia promises to be his wife, and they plan to leave the scene of his labors. The manner of Stryne's love-making is brutal, almost fiendish, and strangely out of harmony with so much of his nature as the author previously shows. Such "love-making" would rather befitt a cave-dweller. Mad with his triumph, he insults his rival, Ruspoli, and there is a duel, in which the latter is seriously, almost fatally wounded. Then Theodosia's love turns to the Prince, and they are afterward married. Perhaps the

strongest part of the book, the part which most nearly approaches true art is where, the suffering of the Prince awakening her nobler nature, Theodosia's whole character undergoes such a change as only great love can inspire. The heartless coquette becomes a devoted and loving wife.

Stryne ends up in the most approved melodramatic style. One day there is a riot outside of Prince Ruspoli's palace in Rome, and the leader is shot. Prince Ruspoli and Theodosia go to look upon the poor victim. It is Stryne. I can imagine how amused some of our Italian friends would be at the idea of an unknown foreigner being in the position of leader in such a time. Such things do all very well for what in England are called "penny gaff" theaters, but are out of place in an ambitious novel.

Still, in spite of its faults, "The Socialist and the Prince" is a powerful and interesting story, and gives promise of good work from the same pen in the future. Mrs. Fremont Older is a decided acquisition to the ranks of present-day writers of fiction.

* * *

"Book-Plates of To-day" is the title of a charming book published by Tonnelé and Company, of this city, and edited by that well-known designer of Ex Libris, Wilbur Macey Stone. In addition to a large number of reproductions of book-plates designed by various British and American artists, some of them in colors, and most of them very beautiful, there are several essays of interest to the book lover, the collector, and the average reader of cultivated taste. W. G. Bowdoin writes of "American Designers of Book-Plates;" Temple Scott of "The Artistic Book-Plate;" Mr. Stone on "Book-Plates and the Nude;" and Willis Steell on "The Architect as a Designer of Book-Plates." There is also a valuable list of the work of Twenty-three Book-Plate Designers of Prominence. I need hardly add that the book has been produced in excellent style by Messrs. Tonnelé & Co. That is a characteristic of all their work.

* * *

In writing of Charles Sprague Smith's excellent book, "Barbizon Days," in my last month's *causerie*, I find that I unintentionally did the author an injustice, for which I extend my apologies to him as well as to my readers. In trying to emphasize the point that, even in spite of himself, and probably quite unconsciously, Millet had painted terrible protests in his pictures, I ought to have given Mr. Smith the credit of seeing this profoundly significant fact. Upon page 68 of his book he makes the point quite clear. Writing freely, with the thought of his attempt to disprove the popular notion of Millet's work, uppermost in my mind, I quite overlooked the fact which, in justice to my own integrity, no less than to Mr. Smith, is here set down.

* * *

Some seven years ago, while serving as a department editor upon a South Wales weekly paper, I had the pleasure of publishing some articles about Tolstoy and his work, from the pen of John Coleman Kenworthy, whose "Anatomy of Misery" had already attracted considerable attention. Mr. Kenworthy was one of the pioneers of Tolstoyan ideas in England, and to him more than to any other man, I think, is Tolstoy's present influence in England due. Long before the present Tolstoy vogue set in, Kenworthy was as "one crying in the wilderness." Poet and mystic, the ideas of the great Russian readily appealed to him. A visit to Tolstoy, and the publication by the latter of a Russian edition of "The Anatomy of Misery," were sufficient to unite the two men in bonds of common faith and service. In England, at any rate, their names are inseparably interwoven.

It was fitting, therefore, that The Walter Scott Publishing Company, of London, should entrust to Mr. Kenworthy the task of writing the volume on "Tolstoy: His Life and Works," to accompany their Walter Scott edition of Tolstoy's works. I have read this volume of little more than two hundred and fifty pages with great interest. Whatever we may think of

Tolstoy's views of life, he is a Titanic figure in the literature of the world; and while I personally have not hesitated to express my belief that his influence is far from being helpful and wholesome, I readily concede his transcendent genius, and the exalted devotion of his own life; and in the mere record of every such life there is much that is stimulating and good.

Mr. Kenworthy does not attempt, however, to give a detailed biography of Tolstoy. He gives a record rather of his own relations with him; of his two visits to him; of their correspondence. For the rest the book is an attempt to state Tolstoy's position. Broadly the claim is made that Tolstoy has been woefully misrepresented by some of his English followers, and these misrepresentations Mr. Kenworthy would set aside. Tolstoy is shown as a fellow-seer with Kant. Whether Mr. Kenworthy's estimate be accepted or not, there can be no doubt as to his claim to be heard as one of those with whom Tolstoy has avowed kinship. Every reader and student of Tolstoy's works should read this book. Like most of the work of this author, the book is well written, though there is rather too much mysticism about some parts of it to be easily intelligible. Taken as a whole, it is the most luminous and satisfying book on Tolstoy which has yet appeared.

* * *

Bishop Spalding's book, "Socialism and Labor and Other Arguments," would, so far as it deals with Socialism and Labor at least, possess very little interest either for the general reader or the specialist but for the personality of the author. As one of the members of the Coal Strike Commission, it is of interest as showing his general position. That is about all. There is not a single argument that is new, or that rises above the level of mediocrity. To this let me hasten to add that there is a much more evident attempt to be fair toward the Socialist than is usually the case with Catholic critics. When Bishop Spalding misrepresents us there is at least reason to suppose that it is from ignorance rather than from malice. For example, he puts this test question: "Are the evils from which they (the workers) suffer really as great and as desperate as the Socialist agitators would have us believe? Are laborers worse paid, worse fed, worse clothed, and worse housed than, for instance, in the early part of the nineteenth century? Do they labor a

greater number of hours, and is their work more severe and exhausting now than then?"

This is evidently the great test which the good prelate would apply. The implication is that Socialism depends upon this pessimistic view for its justification. That it is a travesty of the Socialist position everybody who knows anything of Socialism must see. Socialism does not involve any such pessimism. While some of the string of questions cited might be, and perhaps should be, answered in the affirmative, still a man might believe the negative to be the case as firmly as Bishop Spalding does, and be a good Socialist. He might even hold with a good deal of reason that he could not be a Socialist and believe in the pessimistic doctrine implied in the questions.

But Bishop Spalding is not far from the ridiculous when he assails the economic basis of Socialism. Assailing the labor theory of value from its origin in the economic doctrine that all wealth is the product of labor (which he ascribes to Ricardo, as though it were not older by at least two centuries), he contends that capital must be reckoned as a factor in determining values as it is a factor in production. Bishop Spalding sees that capital itself is a product of labor, and the consequences which must arise from a recognition of that fact. To explain it away he trots out the old and exploded "abstinence theory." A man consumes but part of the "equivalent of his entire work" (i. e., his labor product), and what he saves is the reward of his abstinence. Therefore, the Socialist is wrong in saying that all wealth results from labor! But, if words have any meaning at all, the good Bishop says the same thing, though in rather clumsy fashion. His abstinence from consumption of part of the equivalent of his work simply means that a man has saved part of his labor product. Does it then cease to be part of the product of his labor because he has "saved" it? Here is the ecclesiastical circle: First, we have the entire product of labor; second, we have a stored-up portion of that entire product; third, that stored portion of the product of labor is reinforced by further labor. And, shades of Euclid! the resulting product is, *only in part*, the product of labor!

The Bishop of Peoria may be a good ecclesiastic, but he is a poor economist. If his exegeses are equally confused and confusing, what terrible tangles of dogma his sermons must present!

J. S.



The Voice of Equality

By Edwin Arnold Brenholtz.



COUNSEL you to still convey this covenant of mine to man.

He harbors me who holds my hand and threads with me all paths, and finds in each confronting form an Equal, Comrade, Brother, Friend.

With such I covenant this day and seal it with my kiss.

To you I promise thus:

You shall be mocked, misunderstood, maltreated, mutilated—Slain.

You shall be shunned, stoned, spit upon—and sacrificed to give the Nations peace.

To you will I send thoughts and words to fit the thoughts and breath to beat those words about and deep within unwilling Nation's ears,

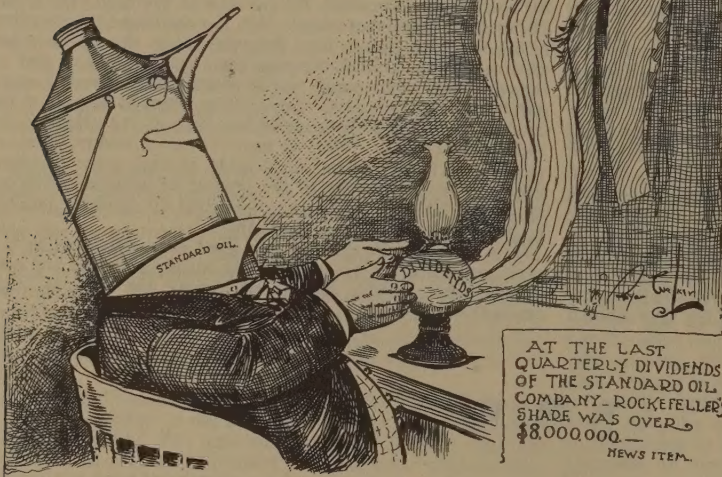
To you will I send love for every form of life (and all things are alive!), such love as fills the soul so full that there is never room for memory of things the Nations give to you; such love as shames your slayer when he sees the smile I place upon your lips at sight of Death.

I counsel you to not conceal one word of this co-equal covenant of mine.

And to the faithful friends who find my presence sweet, who find that I suffice—and I alone—you may confide what warmth the casting of my mantle o'er you brought, what transports traversed mortal veins and nerves when I stretched all my unconcealed and sacred form along your world-stript frame beneath that mystic mantle—henceforth thine and mine—that so shall save your soul from chill of Death.

Said Johnny Dee, "Now Sam you see,
You must pay my price, 'tis just:
The oil, you see, was given me
For to hold in sacred "trust".
I'll hold on tight, for 'tis my right
To protect my property;
If you want light, to cheer your night,
Respect my monopoly."

S.



To Our Readers



HE beautiful poem in the present issue, by Mr. T. M. Hyder, is, we hope, only the first of many contributions with which we shall be favored by that gentleman. Rarely, indeed, does a finer piece of verse appear in any of the magazines. We are proud to welcome Mr. Hyder into the ever-widening circle of our Fellowship. Mr. Hyder is an active trade unionist connected with the Building Trades Council of Denver, Colo., where our movement, and the influence of the COMRADE, are steadily increasing.

With the present issue we finish our serial, "News from Nowhere." As already announced, we do not contemplate running an-

other serial for the present, but shall use the space thus placed at our disposal to include a variety of matter of more vital interest. It was something of an experiment to attempt the republication of such a serial, and we have no reason to apologize for the result. We have at least the satisfaction of knowing that we have published it in a form more beautiful than any other in which it has appeared in English. The magnificent illustrations by Mr. Jentsch have given pleasure to ourselves and to our readers at home and abroad. It will not be easy to obtain illustrations so beautiful. But with the support of our comrades everywhere we hope to maintain, and improve wherever possible, the artistic appearance of the magazine.

For subsequent issues we have a variety of articles, and other contributions, from Mila Tupper Maynard, George D. Herron, Robert Rives La Monte, Horace Traubel, and others.

Books Received.

- TOLSTOY: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.** By John Coleman Kenworthy. Cloth; illustrated; X—225 pages. London: The Walter Scott Publishing Company.
- IDEO-KLEPTOMANIA: THE CASE OF HENRY GEORGE.** By J. W. Sullivan. Paper; 100 pages. New York: The Twentieth Century Press.
- THE THEORY OF HUMAN PROGRESSION.** By Patrick Edward Dove. Cloth; 412 pages. Price \$1.00. New York: The Twentieth Century Press.
- HORACE GREELEY.** By W. A. Linn. Cloth; illustrated; XIII—267 pages. Price \$1.00 net (postage extra). New York: D. Appleton & Co.
- SOCIALISM AND LABOR AND OTHER ARGUMENTS.** By Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. Cloth; 225 pages. Price 80 cents net (postage extra). Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
- THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.** By J. W. Mackail. Paper; 30 pages. Leek, Staffordshire, Eng: The Moorlands Press.
- THE ANNALS OF TOIL.** By J. Morrison Davidson. Cloth; XII—494 pages. Price five shillings (net). London: F. R. Henderson.
- THE OLD ORDER AND THE NEW.** By J. Morrison Davidson. Paper. Price one shilling (net). London: F. R. Henderson.
- IN THE DAYS WHEN THE WORLD WAS WIDE AND OTHER VERSES.** By Henry Lawson. Cloth; gilt. 234 pages. Price five shillings. Sydney, Australia: Angus & Robertson.
- WHEN THE BILLY BOILS.** By Henry Lawson. Two volumes. (First and second series.) Paper. Sydney: Angus & Robertson.
- *MUTUAL AID A FACTOR OF EVOLUTION.** By Peter Krapotkin. Cloth; XXIX—348 pages. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.
- *TOWARD THE LIGHT.** By Lewis H. Berens. Cloth; 244 pages. Price \$1.00. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. (Imported and for sale by Scribners' Sons, New York.)
- ECONOMIC LIBERTY VS. THE WAREFARE OF WEALTH.** By Orlo Epps. Paper; 245 pages. Price 50 cents. Washington, D. C.: Haywork Publishing House.

*To be reviewed in our next issue.

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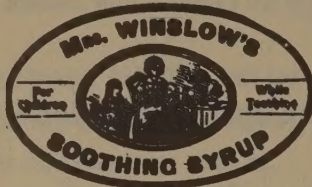
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